

To the right Worshipfull, Sir

Paul Pinder,

Knight, and late Lord Embassadour  
At Constantinople, that Cittie so renown'd  
Whose like on earth is scarcely to be found.  
William Painter wisheth all increase of grace  
In this life, and in heaven a Mansion place.

R ights worshipfull Sir, for many fauours shew'd  
To me, that neuer yet deserved One.  
Some from your selfe: your brother many times  
Your Sister, and their Children also.  
And though I no way can requite the same,  
If I forget them should, I were to blame.  
For meere humanity all men incite,  
Vnto their power all kindnesse to requite.  
I haue of late some little labour tooke  
The English proverbs to write in a booke.  
Though it be, yet the best that I could doe,  
And to your Worship Dedicate it to:  
Yet cannot I thereby shall declare,  
The little worth I doe vnto learning beare.

A 2

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

And I haue hope as the old prouerbe spake,  
That barking curs oft times great mastifs waite,  
That this my booke some scholler may incite,  
Tis it be long some better for to write.  
If this I shall by any see amended,  
I shall bee pleased and no whit offended.  
If you vouchsafe but pleased herewithall,  
I double paid account my labour shall,  
If I could but in a full measure show,  
The loue and seruice which to you I owe,  
Although it came by labour and much paine,  
Or with some losse, I should account it gaine.  
But as the prouerbe saith, Few words suffice,  
When they are spoke to those men that be wise:  
So I had rather too abruptly end,  
Then with long protestations to offend.  
I thus conclude, beseeching mighty loue,  
Honrely to send you blessings from above.  
Your Worships Orator, wholly deuoted,  
Will death in sunder cut the vitall threen.

W. P.

2

## TO THE READER.


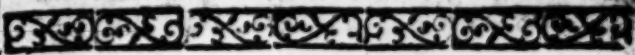
**G**ood courteous Reader, be thou young or old,  
Here give me leave to make a little bold,  
To shew to thee my want of learning here,  
Which after will in every verse appear,  
I am well knowne no Scholler far to be,  
Therefore marke well what I shall say to thee;  
A foot-man may more easilier goe a mile,  
Then a lame cripple may over a stile.  
A Scholler might a thing of farre more worth,  
With much lesse labour very well set forth,  
For had this by a Scholler bene set forth,  
It surely would have bene of lesser worth,  
For he that wealthy is must liberally  
Contribute to the poores necessity.  
I seeing those that wealthy were and rich,  
Into the treasury did cast in much,  
I my one mite, like to the widow poore,  
Likewise cast in even all I had in store,  
For had wit and learning as bene many,  
I would as bountifull have bene as any,  
Though learning ever did prohibe me,

## TO THE READER.

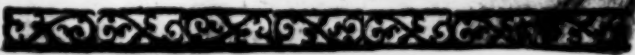
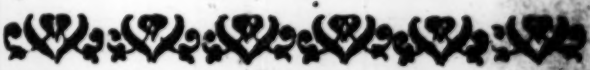
One of her Schollars in her schools to bee,  
Yet common reason doth to me declare,  
All they that worke, not master builders are,  
For some must carry water and some stones,  
And some fill up the midst with shells and bones:  
And some must carry mortar, and some other lime,  
And some must tend the tooles all dinner time,  
And in the evening safely them up lay,  
That in the morning nought bee wanting may.  
If I accounted like the worst of these  
Shall bee, it will mee both content and please:  
And I to that will further promise make,  
To quit thy loue some greater paines I take:  
I will omit no opportunity,  
Vntill some better shall bee made mee by,  
That what is wanting both in art and skill,  
May bee supplide in kindeesse and good will:  
Whars here defective I le no way defend it,  
But hee that can I le giue free leane to mend it:  
I haſt till I the matter shall you tell,  
And for this time thrice heartily farewell.  
Though Poetry my lines may seeme to shame,  
Yet truly William Painter is my name.



3



**Y** Ou curious Painters  
and you Limmers all,  
From Temple-barre  
along to Charing-crosse,  
That your gay pictures  
hang out on the wall,  
Goe rake them downe,  
for they are all but drosse:  
For here are liuely  
pictures to behold,  
More worth then those  
that guilded are with gold.





# CHAVCER

*new Painted.*

BY

WILLIAM PAINTER.

**I**N Christmas time I needs abroad would walke;  
Desirous for to heare some merry talke;  
It was my chance to meet a merry Crew,  
And what their talke was I will heare tell you,

Some tales and iests they had which Ile omit,  
Because they nothing to my purpose fit:  
But all the ancient Prouerbs that I well  
Remember, I will truly to you tell.

Soone ripe soone rotten, the proverb doth say:  
And seldome seen, soone be forgotten may:  
Yet what in youth a man hath most in vye,  
The same to keepe till death hee shall bee sure.

Therefore bend thou the Plant whilst it is young,  
Lest it in time doe wax for thee too strong;  
For if it once vnto a tree doth growe,  
Thou maist it breake before thou shalt it bowe.

B

Small

**C H A Y C E R** *new painted.*

Subiects and seruants neuer should withstand,  
But gladly doe what they haue in comma.d:  
For why? the Prouerbe saith: Better or worse,  
Bee alwaies rulde by them that beare the purse.

In high affaires that doth surmount thy state,  
See that thou meddle not in any rate:  
For hee shall scarce himselfe from danger keepe,  
That doth awake a Lyon out of sleepe.

Against thy King and Countrey plot none ill,  
For by some meanes it knowne be surely will;  
Examples hereof every day appears:  
Besides that, little Pitchers all haue cares.

Thinkerwise, then speak, the old Prouerbe doth  
Yet Fooles their bolts will quickly shoot away:  
And one of these two euills comes thereby,  
Their purse must pay for't; or say, tongue thou

And more at large the prouerbe this expresse,  
Which saith, That man which in his drunkenness  
Doth kill a man, most commonly we see,  
His selfe is sober, for it hang'd shall bee.

Lo

5  
CHAVCER new painted.

Looke ere thou leape, the old proverbe doth say ;  
For otherwite thou fall in the ditch may :  
Yea, you shall neuer any boulder finde  
To bee, then is old Byard that is blinde.

'Tis dangerous to meddle with edg'd tooles :  
The proverbe saith : therfore take heed when fooles  
Set stooles, that you thereat breake not your shins,  
For sure delay oft times great danger brings.

The old proverbe thus, long agoe did say :  
That time and tide for no man will not stay.  
Though *Salomon* were wise, and *Sampson* strong,  
They neither could their yeares one day prolong.

Looke to the end before that thou begin,  
What thou thereby maist either lose or winne,  
For hast makes wast, the old proverbe doth say :  
And praise at night the fairenesse of the day.

Hee that a Theefe doth from the gallows take  
By him some mischief shall be sure to haue  
But I thinke none that any danger  
Will goe and take a madde Deceitfull man.

B 1

Wes

CHAYCEA now painted

Wee see it daily, that both great and small  
Will euer thrust the weakest to the walls  
And this by prooffe to speake I dare be bold,  
That hee that worst may shall the candle hold.

Some euer will pinch on the Parsons side,  
And cur a large thong off their neighbors hide  
And where the Stile is troden and made low,  
There euerie one will soonest ouer goe.

If some men might but in authoriry be,  
Them cruell Tyrants euer you should see  
But God, to keepe poore silly beasts from harmes,  
Doth send a curst Cow euermore from harmes.

There is one prouerbe that doth thus alledge,  
Some steal may better then some looke o'r th'hedge:  
For lawes may bee to Spiders webs compar'd,  
Which Great flies breake, and small ones be inar'd.

Goe not to law vnlesse thy cause be right,  
Especially against a man of might,  
For why? the prouerbe saith, As one's befrended,  
Hee shall bee long to haue his Action ended.

Some

6  
C H A V C E R new painted.

Some men will euer ready haue at hand,  
An *Oliuer*, for any other mans *Rowland*.  
And hee that such men sue shall at the law,  
May in the end perhaps to get a straw.

Some e're their Chickens hatch be, count them well  
To such the prouerbe plainely saith vntill,  
They that the reckoning make without their host,  
Most commonly their labour proueth lost.

But fare and soft doth euer furthest goe,  
And a slow fire maketh sweet maile also:  
And hee that leaps e're hee the stile comes at,  
A broken shin surely hath often gat.

The shortest horse you soonest curry may.  
Thus the old prouerbe long agoe did say.  
And they that faine would liue at peace and rest,  
Must heare and see and alwaies say the best.

Let none reioyce in others grieve and paine:  
For why? the prouerbe telleth to vs plaine:  
Hee that his neighbours house on fire doth see,  
Should of the sparkes take heed and careful be.

**C H A V C E R** *new painted.*

By others losse who seeketh his owne gaine,  
And stormes, by any for to bee gainfaine,  
The prouerbe telleth vnto all such plaine,  
A worrne thar's troad on sure will turne againe.

Hee thar doth glory in his strength and might,  
Thar take no wrong will, nor will doe no right,  
Thar prouerbe fits, which saith, the Pircher long  
Had to the wel, at length comes broken home.

Some say, Hang sorrow, care will kill a Cat,  
And surely euery Rogue hath learned thar,  
For they will sweare, e're they will carry coales,  
Their feet shall fill vp eight of the nine holes.

Some say, A bad scuse better then none is:  
But I an honest man once heard, say this:  
Finde Hares at any time thar no Muces haue,  
And Knaues no scuses, and Ile be a knaue.

And one thing more Ile tell you now in brieft,  
Thar Fish is said to finde but small relieft,  
Which to auoide a danger doe desire,  
Leape forth the pan and fall into the fire.

The



7  
C H A V C E R *new painted.*

The old prouerbe did long agone say this :  
That stoppage no time any good law is :  
And further also the same prouerbe spake,  
That euen reckoning alwaies long friends make.

Harm warch harm catch, the old prouerbe doth say,  
And that to passe comes almost euery day :  
For hee that striketh with the sword wee see,  
Shall with the scabbard stricken againe bee.

When the Steed's stohn, they'll lock the stable door,  
That scarce would euer put it too before :  
And Faulkners often say, had I but wist,  
I would haue kept my hauke still on my fist.

There is a saying, Happy is that man,  
By others harmes that take a warning can :  
And to this purpose hath the prouerbe said,  
The burned child of fire is afraid.

ir words the prouerbe saith makes fooles too faine  
nd further saith, which I thinke is certaine,  
is farre better for to haue one Thrush  
i hand, then two that sitteth in the bush.

The

For

CHAVCER *new painted.*

For any kindnesse thou hast done thy friend,  
Vpbraid him not although hee thee offend:  
For why? the proverbe saith, It is not fit,  
To giue one roast, and beat him with the spir.

The greatest wonder, the old proverbe saies,  
Did neuer yet endure aboue nine dayes;  
I would that wrath and enuy were like it,  
That men in ten dayes could them quite forget.

But wrath and enuy now is growne so rife,  
It dwell in house will with a man and wife:  
And one said, That doth deadliest hatred prove,  
That cometh from the quenched coales of loue.

One that offended was I did heare say,  
Th'offender in his *Pater noster* may  
Perhaps to come; but did protest indeed,  
That hee should neuer come into his *Creed*,

He tell you what I heard say of malice,  
That hee a very good Informer is,  
But no way fitting for to make a Iudge.  
Whereat I trowe he did no little grudge.

Son

CHAVCER *new painted.*

Some will be angry ere they have a touch,  
Yet the old Prouerb plainly teacheth such,  
Hee that is angry when none offends,  
Agaïne must pleased be without amends.

And some doe thinke how euer he offends,  
If he doe pardon craue he makes amends :  
But the old Prouerb sayes it small relieue,  
To breake ones head, and then a plaister giue.

When for offences any sorrowfull be,  
Adde not a torment to a misery,  
But comfort yeeld the penitent and humble,  
For men say that's a good horse that nere did stumble.

The old Prouerb this long agoe did tell,  
To halt before a cripple tis not well:  
For those that vse to mocke we dayly see,  
Shall for their mocking flowred againe be.

EA Lyar is counted in a common-wealth,  
Worse then a thiefe that liueth vpon stealth :  
And he whose tongue doth cogge and lye apace,  
Men will with *Bolton* pray him bate an ace.

Truth

**CHAYCE** *new painted.*

Truth seekes no corners, the old Prouerbs say,  
But dares meet Falshood either night or day.  
Though she by some may wrongfully be blamed,  
She neuer shall by any be athamed.

And this our swaggering gallants verifie,  
For whosoeuer shall giue them the lye,  
Shall with a whole head scarcely goe his way,  
For it deserues a stab they all doe say.

The old Prouerb doth say as I doe find,  
Tis best to sayle with current and with wind,  
But these of all men ought to be controld,  
That run with Hayre & with the Hound will hold

Young men that godly are all men delight,  
But some so close haue playd the hypocrite,  
Which caus'd this Prouerb I dare vnderrake,  
A young Saint alwayes an old Deuill doth make.

Young men thinke old men very fooles to be,  
When old men young men very fooles doe see,  
And some will other men rebuke and blame,  
When they themselues are guilty of the same.

The

9  
CHAVCER new painted.

They that be nought the old Prouerb doth tell,  
Will measure others by their owne bushell,  
The mother neuer sought the daughter in  
The place where she her selfe had neuer bin.

Ill may the Ouen speake, and say vnill  
In spitefull tort, a burnd arce is the Kill,  
Yet you shall heare when women chide and brawle,  
She that's a whore will th'other whore first call.

When thriftelesse prodigals the couerous blame,  
And drunkards doe on vsurers cry shame,  
Tis more then time for iustice to come in,  
hold. When vice thus openly rebuketh sinne.

He that a Lyons heart hath, and a Ladies hand,  
May a fit Chirurgion make in any land,  
But these two me thinkes better doe agree,  
e. Hands that be hard, and hearts that bended be.

The couerous Vsurer whom neuer yet  
A peny from him any one could get,  
Except it were vpon a pawne or bill,  
For he the pan hold by the steale fast will.

They Like

**CHAVCER** *new painted.*

Like him be greedy Cormorants, which haue,  
A conscience more insatiate then the graue,  
Which rake and scrape whateuer they can get,  
And all's good fish that comes within the net.

These will of no man any kindnesse take,  
For feare thereof they should requitall make,  
But like the Hogge that A cornes feed vpon,  
And neuer looke vp from what tree they come.

And if their neighbours any thing would borrow,  
They'll alwayes pray them come againe to morrow,  
But the old prouerb plainly telleth thee,  
While grasse doth grow the Steed may starued be,

And on the morrow if they come againe,  
He will not sticke to tell them flat and plaine,  
That charity alwaye sdoth at home begin,  
And none by lending any good doth win.

Or in plaine words will vtterly deny,  
And in short termes these words to them will say;  
Good neighbour, if you would but such things buy,  
You should haue of your owne as well as I.

When

10  
CHAVCE new painted.

When at his doore the poore and lame doe cry,  
Ere hee'll relieue them they shall starue and dye,  
And he'll say if his friend be in the goale,  
They that a cold be, let them blow the coale.

They say that conscience seven yeares agoe,  
Was hang'd, and after buried also,  
And therefore God helpe rich men they all say,  
If poore men want they goe abegging may.

The Crocodile ne're weepes, I haue heard say,  
But when he's hungry, and doth want a prey,  
Yet though the couetous hath much riches got,  
Still wants what he hath as what he hath not.

The old prouerb did tell this long agoe,  
The couetous man doth seldome ought bring home,  
The fable shewes you how the dog was crost,  
Which catching at the shadow the bone lost.

Make triall of thy friend ere thou hast need,  
Lest thou dost faile when thou wouldest speed,  
And he that friendship shewes thee at thy need,  
Forget him not for he's a friend indeed.

Deceitfull

CHAVCER *new painted.*

Deceitfull ever will mistrustfull be,  
But no mistrust is found in honesty.  
For honest men thinke all men would as they,  
What they doe owe be carefull for to pay.

What one doth promise may performed be,  
When two doe promise we it seldome see,  
For dayly by experience it is found,  
Betwixt two stooles the taile falls to the ground.

Some borrow will of *Peter* to pay *Paul*.  
And some will neither lend nor pay at all,  
And yet this Prouerb every one doth know,  
That debt before a deadly sinne doth goe.

The old Prouerb did long agoe say this,  
Hethat an ill name hath halfe hanged is,  
Wherefore I wish that all men should for shame,  
Such courtes take they may haue a good name.

For wealch hath wings, and it may flye away,  
And flatterers get friends, the Prouerb say,  
But I know this, and so I thinke doe you,  
The christned child may Godfers haue enow.

Parents



CHAVCER *new painted.*

Parents ought honest courses for take,  
If no cause else were but posterity sake.  
For why the Prouerb saith all men vntill,  
If horse and mare both trot, the foale scarce amble  
(will)

And to this purpose is that Prouerb sure,  
Which at this day is most of all in vre,  
And I haue heard it oft where I haue gone,  
That will nere out o' th flesh that's bred i' th bone.

Their tongues at no time should accustom'd be  
To idle talke, much lesse to ribaldry,  
For all men know that any thing discerne,  
That as th'old Cocke doth crow the young doth  
(learne.

Some parents in their children so delight,  
They scarce be well when they are out of sight,  
But one may loue his house in it c' abide,  
Though neuer he vpon the ridge doe ride.

The Prouerb saith, Giue children while they craue,  
And Dogges so long as they their taites will waue,  
And in the morning you shall plainly see,  
Your dogges will cleaner then your children be.

As

CHAVCER *new painted.*

As parents should not too indulgent be,  
So they abandon should all cruelty,  
He tell you what I heard one say last werke,  
That's a neare collop that's cut off the flecke.

What thou maist secret keepe neuer disclose,  
Although it be against thy viter foes,  
But not against thy kin of all the rest,  
Men say that's an ill bird befiles the nest.

Though some both idle and lewd courses take,  
Their friends should suddenly not them forsake,  
For why? the proverbe te'leth all men plaine,  
That he goes farre that neuer turnes againe.

The proverbe sayes, That wind blowes euer ill,  
When no man profit it doth blow vntill:  
For fooles oft times prouide good store of meat,  
But wise men euer most of it doth eat.

Cookes at all times should looke most carefully,  
There may no fault be in their cookery,  
For euery aile will say that thereon looke,  
God sent the meat, but the Deuill sent the Cooke.

Some

CHAVCER *new painted.*

Some men will vainly spend more at one meale  
Then would suffice for two by a great deale:  
Yet the old Prouerb saith, Who wealth will win,  
Must euer at the tables end begin.

The old Prouerb saith thus of Gluttony,  
The belly is sooner filled then the eye,  
And that he is no kinder then a Kite,  
For what he cannot eate hee'll alwayes hide.

The shamelesse Glutton you shall euer see  
Vnbidden will at enery banquet be.  
And yet there is a saying in all Schooles,  
Vnbidden guests should with them carry stooles.

The Glutton and the Drunkard surely,  
One's alwayes hungry, and the other dry:  
And surely he deserueth double blame,  
That shall adde fuell to encrease a flame.

Some will find fault euen with the fattest Oxe,  
And some are fed like Apes with bits and knockes,  
But the old prouerb long agoe said this,  
What thing is plenty neuer dainty is.

C

The

*CHANCE new painted.*

The proverb faith, The more the merrier are,  
But fewest alwayes doe the better faire,  
Yet one said it is merriest in the hall,  
When tongues lye still and beards are wagging all.

Wishers and woulders I thinke none have knowne  
Two good housholders, nor yet scarcely one,  
Yet one said he at no time worse did fare,  
Then when he sate and wisht for his dinner.

There is one proverb which sayth on this wise,  
Enough as well may as a feast suffice,  
Yet one sayd, but I thinke he did but iest,  
Forroferreit and deare bought pleaseth Ladies best.

When one that's hungry you at meat doe see,  
He may eat much, and yet no glutton be,  
For the old proverb long agoe thus spake,  
Three bad meales will the fourth a glutton make.

The proverb sayth, The fat Sow in the sty,  
Nere thinks what ayles the hungry that doth cry:  
Yet too much pitty the same proverb say,  
Bring vnto ruine a great City may.

Hce

**CHAVCHER** *new painted.*

He that accustom'd is to sweare and curse,  
If one rebuke him hee'll but be the worse,  
For the old prouerb saith, It is the trickie,  
A gauld horse being rub'd to wince and kicke.

Some spendeth every day in the whole yeare  
In gaming, drinking, and making good cheare,  
And neuer doe themselves for deatch prepare,  
Till he them napping catch, as *Mosse* did's mare.

And then t'will be too late, the prouerb say,  
When night is come, backe to recall the day,  
For he that will not wait at dinner time,  
Must fast vnlesse he with Duke *Hunfroy* dine,

Though some long time haue liued poore and bare,  
The prouerb biddeth such should not despaire,  
For God did neuer make a mouth as yet,  
But he likewise provided meat for it.

Yet none should on Gods providence so rely,  
But they must vse their chiefeft industry,  
For from the bridge who in the ditch shall swarue,  
And shall lye still, may lye vntill he starue.

**CHAVCHER** *new painted.*

For that old proverbe that doth say to thee,  
As thou beleevest thou shalt saved be,  
Is but a mocke I tell thee plaine and brieve,  
For that is ever meant of vnbeleefe.

Some any kindnesse for their friends would doe,  
If they were but requested thereunto.  
And the old proverbe plainly telleth this,  
That's a bad dogge that not worth whistling is.

He tell you what I heard one lately say,  
As he and I were walking on the way,  
That he surely shall neuer be relieued, (ued.  
That doth conceale the thing wherewith he's grie-

Faint heart men say nere winne faire Ladies loue,  
Nor coward did a valiant champion proue,  
And Robin Red-breast loseth God knowes what,  
Because that he afraid is of the Ear.

When Cannons rore, and bullets thicke doe flye,  
Who aymes at honour must nor feare to dye.  
He tell you what I heard one say of late,  
That's a hard battell where no man escape.

The

CHAUCER new painted.

The prouerb saith, The Cat faine fish would eate,  
But that she's very loth her feet to wet:  
But the same prouerb sayes, Who ventures not,  
Hath seldome time great store of riches got.

Men say that barking Curres will seldome bite,  
And brauling Knaues will euen as seldome fight,  
Yet you shall euer see the bragging Iacke,  
Will a great dagger carry at his backe.

Some men there are that bitterly will curse  
The cony-catching cheater and picke-purse,  
But there's a saying, Foxes neuer fare  
More better then when they most cursed are.

He that is borne to neither goods nor lands,  
Must not thinke scorne to labour with his hands,  
For the old father said, Yea by Saint Marry,  
That's a proud horse will not his prouander carry.

Tis best hay making when the Sunne hath shin'd,  
And winnowing whē in'th barn doore sits the wind,  
The prouerb sayes, The Ant that nothing get  
In Summer, shall in winter nothing eat.

**CHAVCER** *new painted:*

That thraht in his cloake, being contrould,  
Said that he did as much as ere he could:  
Yet the old proverb plainly tellerh this,  
That idlenesse the mother of mischiese is.

But this proverb I very well did marke,  
The Priest forgotten hath that he was Clarke:  
And Fire and Water, as we daily see,  
Good seruants both, but cruell masters be.

The proverb saith, Nothing agreeth worse,  
Then doth a proud heart and a beggers purse,  
Yet beggers set on horse backe, all men say,  
Will to the gallowes ride before they stay.

There is one proverb saith, That through enuy  
Idiots and fooles vntimely deaths doe dye,  
Yet the same proverb saith, That begger's woe  
That seeth another by the doore to goe.

Some men that neither learned be nor wise,  
We daily see to great promotion rise,  
Sure t'was of such one said the other day,  
Giue a man lucke and cast him in the Sea.

And



15  
CHAVCER *new painted.*

And some promoted are we daily see,  
Out of the hall into the kitchen be,  
And such haue evermore beene said to come  
Out of Gods blessing into the warme Sunne.

A ragged colt oftimes a good horse make,  
Thus the old prouerb long agoe hath spake,  
An Assle may goe that laden is with gold,  
Through Princes Courts, and neuer be controld.

Let none neglect what he may lawfully  
By gift or bargaine either wayes come by:  
For why, the prouerb long agoe this told,  
Though Summer's hot yet Winter's alwayes cold.

What's freely giuen thee neuer doe forsake,  
Nor of the goodnesse neuer question make:  
For it hath alwayes folly counted beene,  
To looke a giuen horses mouth within.

With them that freely giue make not too bold,  
Lest they grow weary and their hands withhold,  
For why the prouerb plainly telleth thee,  
The freest horse may soonest tired be.

Thy

**C H A V C E R** *new painted.*

By goods nor money at no time mispend,  
Nor carelessly the same to any lend :  
For the wise father to the sonne did say,  
Keep something till there comes a rainy day.

For if a man to pouerty doe come,  
His friends and kindred will his company shun :  
And in such state as any one doth meet you,  
Hee with like salutations sure will greet you.

One that much time and money had mispent,  
And being asked what hee thereby meant:  
Answered hee car'd not, hee had Boote on beame,  
If that his naunt did die before his neame.

But the wise prouerbe with all men to saue  
Their foule water vntill they sayrer haue,  
For they that hope by dead men to haue boor,  
Wee often see goe ragged and barefoot.

The thrifles and the prodigall naught set by  
No little thing nor little quantity :  
Yet many a little the old proverb said,  
Doth make a mickle when together laid.

Things

16  
**C H A V C E R** *new painted.*

Things of small value the old proverb say,  
Wise men seuen yeares will carefully vp lay,  
If in that time it will for nothing fit,  
Then any way they may dispose of it.

Though wicked weeds apace grow many say,  
Vntoward boyes may good men make one day:  
Yet the old prouerbe said e're I was borne,  
That's carely sharpe, that after proues a thorne.

In trust is treason, the old prouerbe say,  
For he that trusteth, soone deceiu'd be may:  
Yet some will trust those that as sure will faile,  
As hee that hath a quicke Eele by the tayle.

Try e're thou trust, the old prouerb doth say,  
Fast binde fast finde shall surely alway:  
And hee that hideth neuer doubts in minde,  
But hee the same at any time shall finde.

(false)

Though some may one Theefe from the gallowes  
And one knowne lyar may some credit haue.  
Yet the old prouerbe long agoe thus spake,  
One swallow yet did neuer summer make.

Examples

**C H A V C E R** *new painted.*

Examples alwaies no good reasons bee,  
Which makes a many say though foolishly,  
What's meat for one, another poyson may,  
When's ment of swords that both defend and slay.

Who cares for no man, none for him will care,  
And want with many men is a good spare,  
And the old prouerbe saith, that pouerty  
Hath oftentimes parted good company.

Ill gotten goods are seldome times well spent:  
And one said lately whatsoe're hee meant:  
That sweet meat alwaies sower sauce must haue,  
As hee came from the whipping of a knaue.

Change is no robbery thought the Fox in mind,  
When he the Goose stole leauing the feathers behind  
To chop and change hard neede constraineth many  
For needs must taken bee the needy penny.

The old prouerbe did long agoe tell this,  
That no foole like vnto the old foole is:  
Yet all men say, that horse is nought for saile,  
That neither whinny can, nor wag his tayle.

What

17  
C H A P T E R *new painted.*

What men doe loue they hardly will forsake  
This the old prouerbe long agoe hath spake,  
The foole sure will not from his bable part,  
If hee might haue the Tower of London for't.

The wilfull man hath neuer wanted woe,  
Thus the old prouerbe said full long agoe.  
And further also the same prouerbe say,  
The swiftest course is that beside the way.

The old prouerbe this long agoe hath told,  
That wares well bought are euermore halfe sold:  
And one must learne to creepe e're goe or runne,  
A match well made is euermore halfe wonne.

Some will buy wares of any kind of rate,  
And then repent themselves when 'tis too late:  
But ther's a saying bad ware's alwaies deare:  
And what was good that n'ere yet lou'd the Frier.

Hee that good wares haue wherefoe're he dwell,  
Once in a yeare hee shall be sure to sell:  
For the old prouerbe saith as much indeed,  
That good wine neuer of a bush hath need.

By

**C H A P T E R** *new painted.*

Buy not for time those wares that are too deare ,  
For many lose thereby as I doe heare :  
And some doe buy and sell and liue by 'th losse.  
And so at length come home by weeping crosse.

Chapmen no great care need to take, nor paines,  
To sell their ware vnlesse it bee for gaines :  
The prouerbe saith, hee's neuer chapman bare ,  
That either ready money hath, or ware .

Some praise and dispraise will the selfe same wares,  
And prate and talke of euery mans affaires ,  
When they know neither what is said nor done  
No more then doth the man that's in the Moone.

Some will make gaine of any wares they buy ,  
Their tongues are so inur'd to cog and lye ;  
And the old prouerbe saith as much indeed ,  
A crafty knaue doth neuer broker need,

Take heed thou neuer keep no companie ,  
But such as honest men are knowne to bee:  
For why? the prouerbe saith , a man at Rome,  
Must bee infort to doe as there is done.

18  
CHAVCHER new painted.

If here againſt, any ſhould make reply,  
The prouerbe further telleth them plainly,  
'Tis daily ſcene, fowles that bee of a feather,  
Will flie in troopes and company together.

Another prouerbe there is like to it,  
Which for ſome cauſe I will not here omit,  
That like will to his like by night and day,  
As once the Deuill did to the Colliar ſay.

Whoſe foote is alwaies his friends table vnder,  
If he grow prouident it is a wonder:  
And to giue counſell it doth ſeldome boote,  
Where the blacke Oxe ne're trod vpon the foote.

He that hath left him goods and money much,  
The prouerbe plainly ſayeth of all ſuch,  
It is no maſtery for them to swimme,  
Whom others alwaies holds vp by the chinne.

Some will bee proud of any thing done well,  
To ſuch the old prouerbe doth plainly tell,  
It was by fortune more then by good wit,  
A blinde man ſhooting chanc't a Crow to hit.

Againſt

**C H A V C E R** *new painted.*

Against the streame it is in vaine to strue,  
But they must needs go whom the deuill doth driue  
And this old prouerbe is too true God wor,  
That hard need alwayes makes the old wife tror.

The prouerb say, Loue is a pleasant thing,  
When like the Snake it once hath lost the Sting.  
Sure, 'tis not meant the loue of charity,  
For that lies sicke, pray God it may not dye.

I know not whether 'tis meant of loue or lust,  
But loue with loue repaid againe be must:  
And by experience this I euer found,  
That hee that lou'd me also lou'd my hound.

There is one prouerbe that saith on this wise,  
Reason and loue looks through two paire of eyes,  
But all the Poets doe agree I finde,  
It neuer saw ought, for it was borne blinde.

I heard one once say thus of Iealousie,  
'Tis pittie loue should keepe it company:  
Of all kinde natures I may say as much,  
'Tis pittie wit should wanting bee in such.

This



19  
C H A V C E R *new painted.*

drive  
r.  
This the old prouerbe long agoe hath spake,  
Bare walls doth euer giddy huswiues make:  
And hee that marrieth before hee's wise,  
Most commonly shall dye before hee thrines,

The old prouerbe did tell this long agoe,  
That forward Children seldome time liue long,  
Wee forward wedlocke may compare thereto,  
For that vnto a night cap bring a man will doe.

Although a woman smile, yet thou must not  
Straight way conclude that thou a wife hast got,  
For the old prouerbe plainly this doth show,  
That two words alwaies to a bargaine goe.

Many in chosing wiues deceived bee,  
But most in too much praising their beauty:  
For this most true the old prouerbe doth say,  
All is not gold that glisters and shoves gay.

One cannot wine and thriue both in one yeare,  
Some say, and yet to marry none need feare:  
For why? the prouerb saith all men vntill,  
A good lacke alwaies maketh a good Gyll.

The

**C**HAVCHER *new painted.*

The proverb saith, That man that meanes to thrieve,  
Must first aske leaue and counsell of his wife,  
For as the good man saith, so say all we,  
But as the good wife saith, so all must be.

If maydens any young men doe entice  
To marry them, or to doe otherwise,  
The old proverb still standeth in full force,  
Which saith, The gray mare was the better horse.

When a bad couple maryed be, I feare  
Men say of them you presently shall heare,  
It is the wifest way a man can doe,  
To fill one house, rather then trouble two.

Where nere a barrell better Herring is,  
A man in choosing cannot choose amisse:  
The man that foxes sold, said vse your skill,  
The baddest is best, therefore take which you will.

He that a widow marries with children three,  
The proverb say of foure theeves sure shall be,  
Who may go on the ground, and will goe on the ice,  
Is sure a foole, and the other is scarce wise.

When

CHAVCER *new painted.*

When simple swaines fine wiues will needly take,  
I doubt they will their heads like *Alceus* make,  
If I them wrong, their pardons I beseech,  
But sure I am most master weares no breech.

But all men count it folly for to be,  
For any one to meddle twixt the barke and tree.  
He say no more, but wish all men good wiues,  
As dearly loue should as they loue their liues.

Many kind heart we heare and see daily,  
Doth make them smart, the more is the pitty,  
And that none should by knaues deceiued be,  
He tell them what one once did say to me.

They that deceiue me once I them beshrow,  
They that deceiue me twice I say the same allo,  
But if they shall deceiue me any more,  
For that my selfe not them I will beshrow.

Another saying there is like to it,  
Which for some cause I will not here omit,  
If that by one I once deceiued be,  
For that pray God forgive both him and me.

D

But

CHAVCE new painted.

But if I twice shall be deceived him by,  
Sure euery man will say the more foole I.  
But if I thrice by him deceived be,  
No man that's wise for that will pittie me.

But this I often times haue heard men say,  
Him that deceiues him well deceiue you may,  
But true religion doth no more allow,  
But deale with all as they should deale with you.

But this last proverbe I like worst of all,  
That men a iewell should plaine dealing call,  
Saying, he that vse it dye a begger shall.  
And I had almost quite forgotten this,  
Too much of one thing good for nothing is.

Now giue me leaue to make a little bold,  
To tell what one in priuate to me told,  
If you shall iudge it not worth hearing is,  
Then surely I did take my ayme amisse.

There's time to eate, and time to drinke,  
And time to speake, and time to thinke,  
And time to worke, and time to play,  
And time to sing, and time pray,

And

21  
CHAVCEER *new painted.*

And time to sit, and time to goe,  
And time to reape, and time to sow,  
And time to wake, and time to sleepe,  
And time to laugh, and time to weepe.  
Of all things else that's ynderneath the Sunne,  
There is a time when it may best be done.  
Except to sinne, and for that no time is,  
Wherefore the workers shall be sure of this,  
A double punishment shall inflicted be,  
For abusing time, and breaking Gods decree.

Some men doe thinke howsoever they doe live,  
God is so mercifull hee'll them forgive,  
But common reason vnto all men show,  
That none shall better reape then he doth sow:

And some men out of meere simplicity,  
Will adde a torment to a misery,  
Euen like to oyle which foolishly was cast  
To quench the fire, which caused it burne more fast.

Some flatter will and humour every man,  
To get them friendship and what else they can,  
Which gotten they'll not one good word afford,

D 1

Such

CHAVCER *new painted.*

Such yet was neuer good neither egge nor bird.

Some make no end whatsoeuer they begin,  
And some will bargain whether lose or win,  
Yet common reason sheweth vnto all,  
Tis better sitting still then rise and fall.

Some will both kindnesse and friendship professe,  
When they indeed doe intend nothing lesse  
But seeke their owne turnes for to fit and serue,  
And neuer care though others pine and starue.

Some men say there haue beene sweet flowers nigh,  
A Serpent foule scene for to lurke and lye,  
And vice hath neuer done more hurt indeed,  
Then when he came cloathed in vertues weed.

He that his bed keeps when the weather is cold,  
Finquity but he be a hungry should:  
And those that haue Theaters certainly,  
Shall dance the beggers galliard ere they dye.

Some to get money will take any paine,  
And preclerly will spend the same in vaine.

Euen

## CHAYCE new painted

Euen like the cow that giueth milke great store,  
And with her foot straight throw it on the flowre.

When things are gone tis very hard to say  
Who haue them, or which way they went away.  
For men in iudging often iudge amisse,  
But they that see may alwayes say as tis.

No man can surely of a wife be lped,  
Vntill such time as he to her be wed,  
For chances oft betwix the lip and cup;  
Doe come before a man thereof can sup.

And though a man in imminent danger were,  
Of helpe he should not vtterly despaire,  
For twixt the bridge and water some haue found  
Such succour, that they scapt and were not drown'd.

To erre and sinne is giuen to man by kind,  
But to perseuer doth shew a beastlike mind.  
A wise man may walke nye a riuers brim,  
Where fooles and idiors oft times haue fallen in.

Some men that beastlike drunken you shall see

**C H A V C E R** *new painted.*

When they be sober for it griued will be  
Yet like the dogge that vomits vp his mear,  
And presently the same againe will eat.

Where many paths meet, one may lose his way,  
And some that many trades haue I dare say,  
The worst of them will find them bread I thinke,  
And all the rest will scarcely find them drinke.

Some beat the bush and others catch the bird,  
And some will blowes giue sooner then a word.  
And some doe yet and did ere I was borne,  
Make a long harvest of a little corne.

And some there be that hath got an ill guise,  
They are loth to bed, and lother for to rise.  
He say no more lest some should be offended,  
When little's said it soone may be amended.

There was no more that I remember can,  
Worth writing that was spoke of any man.  
But some there was that would Tobacco take,  
Which as it seemed did one offended make.  
One once, said he, Tobacco seed did sow,



CHAUCER *new painted.*

I thinke it is the smallest seed that grow,  
 And would to God that it as small leaues bore,  
 Then in this land there would not be such store,  
 For many are so bewicht it to,  
 That they thereby will quite themselves vndoe.  
 It makes them daily to mispend much time,  
 And neuer haue enough of beare and wine.  
 And neuer any good that I did heare  
 It one man did this fivie and thirty yeare.  
 Beside the charge it puttech men vnto,  
 There is about it such a deale of doe,  
 First one must cut it, and then must it dry,  
 And then a while acooling let it lye.  
 Then pipe and stopper both must be ready,  
 And then a coale to light it presently,  
 Which they hold in a litle payre of tongs,  
 A pipe case also hereunto belongs,  
 And then a boxe you alwayes ready see,  
 To put vp that that shall vntaken be,  
 Which made of leather is, and gilt brauely,  
 And so there are be made of luory,  
 And some of siluer are, and some of rinne,  
 And some of horne, which are not worth a pinne.  
 And some of plate are made, and some of brasse,

For

CHAVCER new painted.

For those of paper good for nothing was,  
And some affect it so as many say,  
That they will take it riding on the way,  
And such must euer haue in readinesse  
A tinder box, or else a burning glasse.  
This charge and trouble daily doth proceed,  
By taking of that stinking Indian weed.  
Would all mens like mine from it were turned,  
Then ere they take it would it should be burned.

When I saw none would, I did vndertake  
Before them all this answer for to make:  
Saying, Sir if you spoke had by aduice, (twice,  
These speeches might haue well beene spoke at  
For I my selfe some good haue had thereby,  
Which Ile conceale lest you should thinke I lye,  
And for the charge you say thereby arise,  
It is not great to those men that be wise.  
Things abused should be vsed no more,  
Tobacco then should company haue store,  
For bread is daily giuen to dogges and beares,  
Which serue for nought but hinder mens affaires:  
And if that corn to manlt conuerced be,  
That's so abused, would pittie one to see.

For

CHAYCER *new painted.*

For many will more like to beaſts then men,  
Drinke more in one day then would ſerue for ten,  
And ſome in one month ſpend more in good cheare  
Then would ſuffice the beſt part of the yeare.  
And ſome will haue a gay ſuit on his backe,  
Though hee and all his houſhold victualls lacke:  
And yet I thinke for all this great abuſe,  
You'll ſay there is of theſe a lawfull uſe.  
So worldly wealth who ſo too much deſire,  
Shall find it of the nature of the fire,  
Whereof a little doth at no time harme,  
But oft times good cold bodies for to warme.  
Whenas great flames the body ſcorch and burne,  
So too much wealth oft times to woe doth turne,  
But time, and place, and quantities required,  
Before that any thing ſhould bee deſired:  
For if there dung ſhould in your Chimnye lye,  
You out of doores would throw it preſently:  
And if there fire ſhould on the dunghill be,  
You ſoone would fetch it into your chimney.  
Yet both of theſe are good in places fir,  
And this is all that I will ſay of it:  
Who good finds by it may ſometimes it uſe,  
And whom it hurts, from taking Ile excuſe,

Then

**C H A V C E R** *new painted.*

Then store of Apples in the fire was laid,  
And Ale was gone for as the good wife said.  
Then one that was there in the company,  
Said masters, if you will be ruled me by,  
Who will not sing, read riddle, nor tell tale,  
Shall neither taste of Apples nor of Ale.

Whereto the company agreed all,  
And to begin the lot thus out did fall,  
They at the rowes end would their Riddles tell,  
Which I must read that neuer well could spell.

There was a coale whereon one ashes cast,  
Which if he had with bellowes giuen one blast,  
It quickly would haue burn'd into a flame,  
That one might well haue warmed them by the same

The second said, now marke what I shall tell,  
There be three men in towne where I doe dwell,  
The one hath been my neighbour dwelling long,  
Who whē he was in'th wright was thē in'th wrong  
The other dwels right ouer me againe,  
Whose ioy was greatest when hewas in paine.  
The third, of long time I know certainly,

Haue

CHAVCER *new painted.*

Hath wisht that both his wife and hee might dye.  
Now, since the reading you haue put to mee,  
He tell you what I thinke these for to bee.

The first doth meane a poore mans Sonne I know,  
VVhich halfe a yeare to schoole did neuer goe,  
For had he had but learning to his wit,  
Sure many should haue profited by it.

And you that last spoke of your townes men three,  
He tell you what I thinke them for to bee.  
I doubt your neighbour takes too much delight,  
In some lewd louer that is named VVright.  
And hee that dwells right ouer you againe,  
Doth loue another that is named Paine.  
And for the third, a foole may well know this,  
That hee a Dyar by profession is.

They that sat next did not much time prolong,  
But presently each of them sung a song:  
To tell the tunes I thinke it me behoue,  
The first is, *Line with mee and bee my loue.*  
The second is if I bee not decei'd,  
*Mad Tom of Bedlam*, of his wits bereau'd.

VVho

**C H A V C H R** *new painted.*

Who doth these dayes of ours not see  
Most lamentable for to bee,  
When great offences sore doerage,  
Whom iustice can no whit alswage:  
From euill temptations night and day,  
Deliver vs Lord wee thee pray.

It endlesse were to goe about ,  
With colours for to paint them out :  
But I wish all men should abstaine,  
From those which chiefest now doe raigne.  
From euill temptations, &c.

The poore mans faults compare I may,  
To spots in Images made of clay :  
But faults in great men to behold ,  
Like staines in statues are of gold.  
From euill temptations &c.

But as no man can safely ride ,  
Too neare vnto a riuers side ,  
So they that with bad men conuerse,  
Of times cannot but bee the worse,  
From euill temptations &c.

For

CHAVCER *new painted.*

For as the *Syrens* pleasant song,  
The hearers death doth hasten on  
So hee that enuy entertaines,  
Can haue no ioy vnmixt with paines.  
From euill temptations, &c.

When as the *Crocodile* most doth weep,  
Doth most desire the silly sheepe.  
So doth the flatterers double tongue  
His dearest friend the deadliest wrong.  
From euill temptations, &c.

The strange *Camelion* that by kind,  
Can change her colour with her minde  
The Lye can as readily,  
Of one lye make you two or three.  
From euill temptations, &c.

As *Boreas* rough breakes Ships in twain  
And causeth flames to burne amaine:  
So doth the Tale-bearer hatred sow,  
Where loue and friendship else would grow.  
From euill temptations, &c.

From

**C**HAUCER *new painted.*

From Wolues the worst of all ill beasts,  
A man in house may safely rest:  
But from backe-byters deadly sting,  
No house can safe secure him,  
From euill temptations, &c.

As oftentimes sweet flowers nie,  
Hane Serpents soule beene seene to lye,  
So in a coat full gay hath beene,  
A trecherous heart full often seene,  
From euill temptations, &c.

But as wee read, once *Balaams* Ass,  
More wiser then his Master was:  
Euen so are they that dangers shunne,  
More wise then they that to them run.  
From euill temptations, &c.

As Elephants strong in waters deepe,  
The weake ones doe from danger keep,  
I would all men would learne of them,  
To pittie their poore bretheren.  
From euill temptations, &c.

What



27  
CHAVCE new painted.

What christian heart can thinke vpon,  
The wicked liues of many a one,  
And not with Christ our Saniour deare  
For them shed many a mournfull teare.  
From euill temptations, &c.

But such as purposely entend,  
Their sinfull courses to amend,  
God with his Spirit assist them so,  
That they frō grace to grace may grow.  
From euill temptations, &c.

Now as a friend I all men will,  
Good men no harme to doe vitill :  
And when to speake you are inforst,  
Of bad men neuer speake the worst.  
Like to our selues Lord grant wee may,  
Our neighbors loue both night & day.

THE pleasant life of Shepheards,  
hath ever yet been deemed,  
Amongst all Swains to take least paines  
and yet the best esteemed.

*But now may they wails, both in mountaine and dale,*

*where*

CHAVCER new painted.

where last their flockes were feeding,  
For now dead they be, scarce one of twentie  
is left that's worth the beeding.

And if the liues of Shepheards,  
considered be aright,  
All men must say both night and day,  
they liue in blisfull plight.  
*But now may they waile, &c.*

Fayre *Flora* in the Spring time,  
first offereth vnto them,  
The earths sweet flowers through Aprills showers,  
before all other men.  
*But now may they waile, &c.*

When *Phæbus* in his highest,  
with hottest beames doth shine,  
He soone will hie, him downe to lye,  
in shade vnder the Pine.  
*But now may they waile, &c.*

And if *Apollo* chanceth,  
with raine to coole the heat,

His

CHAVCHER new painted.

His Pine will serue for to preserue,  
him likewise from the wet.  
*But now may they waile, &c.*

Whilst hee rests thus defenced,  
both from the raine and hear,  
His pretty Lambes vpon the lands,  
doe sweetly eate their mear.  
*But now may they waile, &c.*

If any goe astray,  
in't meadow or in't graine:  
His little Dog will at first word,  
Soone fetch them forth againe.  
*But now may they waile, &c.*

When Autumn's fully ended,  
and hay and corne in barne,  
His flockes may goe both to and fro,  
and neuer commit harme.  
*But now may they waile, &c.*

Then hee with his faire *Philida*,  
vnder a willow tree,

E

May

CHAVCER new painted.

May sport and play each day by day  
with mirth and melodie.

*But now may they waile, &c.*

And when that hoary Hyems,  
begins his raigne to hold.

A firre bush tree prouide will hee,  
to keepe him from the cold.

*But now may they waile, &c.*

Thus haue you heard recited,  
the blisfull Shepheards plight:

But I aduise no man to praise,  
a faire day before night.

*But now may they waile, &c.*

For many Shepheards now,  
are forced hereunto,

In raine and heat their bread to get,  
or else a begging goe.

Therefore may they waile, both in mountain and dale,  
where late their flockes went feeding,

For now dead they bee, scarce one of twenty  
is left that's worth the breeding.

29  
C H A V C E R *new painted.*

The next of all it came to mee by lot,  
To pay my penny to make vp the shot :  
I neither sung had, riddle, nor good tale,  
Yet faine I would the apples tast and ale.  
Then presently into my minde it came,  
That I before had made an *Annagram*,  
Which I them told in the stead of a tale.  
And by that meanes I tasted of the ale.

There bee nine Letters in the Alphabet,  
Which vntill death I neuer will forget,  
They to my minde doe giue so much delight;  
And which they bee I briefly will recite.  
The *I*, alwaies some ioyfull thing presage :  
The *O*, bids youth provide against old age :  
The *N*, good newes doth euer to vs tell :  
The *E*, bids none let enuy with him dwell :  
The *C*, to all men charity doth show :  
The *L*, to all is louing where it goe.  
The *A*, is alwaies amiable to behold :  
The *R*, said he by reason ruld bee would :  
The *K*, doth keepe the key of knowledg so,  
That no euill thing into the house can goe.  
If I the reason hereof should not tell,

CHAVCE new painted.

I seeme to marre should what I haue made well,  
But I may boldly tell it without shame,  
It was the Anagram of my mothers name.

The last man whom by lot it vnto came,  
Said he also would tell an Anagram,  
Which here Ile briefly shew vnto your view;  
I lik't it not, no more I thinke will you.  
The w presageth double woe,  
The y nought else but yealousy doth show,  
The f is flattering false vnto his friend,  
The s shinkes euill whatsoeuer it pretend,  
Thus you may see that w, y, f, s,  
Doth bring a man from wealth to misery.  
If every man were minded like to me,  
Then surely they would married neuer be.  
Then said I, Sir, if you'll not be offended,  
Your Anagram you shall heare soone amended.  
The w doth worth and wealth presage,  
The y bids youth provide against old age,  
The f is faithfull and doth friendship show,  
The s from euill bids all make hast to goe.  
Thus you may see that w, y, f, s,  
A wild wench may a good wife make one day.

